HODA'S

entinued From Last Issue

m going to feich Molly," she Rhoda looks as if the shock ned her brain. I am alarmed

with her," said Adrian "I will fetch Molly." went out and then came back. kind to her, Aunt Agnes," he

rnestly. ve I not sent for Molly?" Mrs. turned. "I mean to be kind

y came, and persuaded Rhoda back to Dering.

must return to-morrow," she , dear, you shall return to-

w." returned Molly; "only ome with me now." when the morrow came, Rhounconscious of all around her. first stages of brain fever.

ing had passed, full summer me, and the lime trees were in n when at last she was taken er bedroom into the little sitom. She lay on the couch by en window, and Mrs. Dering her side. All bitterness bethem was gone. Rhoda's thin was in her aunt's as she began

ve you written yet, aunt?" my dear," Mrs. Dering angently. "You could not leave a long time yet."

t I should like it settled," the oon, won't you?"

ng answer.

coherently, her idea had been away from Dering, as soon as s well, to some home or instiwhere she could get work to ong the sick and poor. She to speak of it again.

aunt. You have been very to me and forgiven me, but I forgive myself."

re is Molly to talk to you," er aunt. "We will speak about to-morrow, Rhoda, Well, so you have come back?" Rhods, and Jack has brought

ese strawberries." Dering left the girls together.

wonder if Bill will know us was to last was not known. she said meditatively, strokblack head. "But Ulysses" new him, and we shall not be

so long as that." , looking at her cousin.

ook Rhoda's hand and kissed it. da, I want you to promise me

sything I can promise," said a gently.

hen will you see him?" f course, I will," answered Rho-"Him must mean Jack, once.

lought. e is here, and I promised to find you would see him. You are it will not be too much for

shall be glad to see him," said

en he shall come up this mosaid Molly engerly.

ran away, and Rhoda waited, ng with a tender little smile, of s happiness. After a little she heard her footsteps along assage and also another firmer er step, which set her pulses e rapidly. It was Adrian Molly leant. She had not seen him the day her father died. Molly d the door and shut it softly

Adrian had entered. im going to leave them alone, she said confidentially to ber Let us go away and leave them

rian sat down by Rhoda's sofa. is very good of you to let me and see you," he said gently. thought Molly meant Jack," a answered faintly, "I did not you were here."

have been here for weeks," he gravely.

took up her thin left hand and d at it, then he raised it to his Rhoda drew it quickly away, drian took it again in his clasp. here is my ring?" he asked. oda's lips quivered so that she scarcely spesk.

do not know-Mrs. Dering has

ou must wear it again, Rhoda." h, no, Adriani Do not speak that to me. We must put the nite away. I shall soon leave s, and you will forget me." es, we must put the onst away;

but not all the past. Rhoda, nothing has altered our relations to each other; you are still my promised

Rhods shook her head,

"It was a great, a bitter shock to me," he went on. "But I love you, Rhoda-I love you devotedly, I cannot do without you!"

"I could not find happines in love without respect," Rhoda answered; "and I have lost your respect, Adrian!"

He hesitated a moment, then he knott down and took her hands in

"I believe in you still," he said, "I cannot hide from you the fact that it, has been very hard to keep my belief in you, but I cannot look into your face, Rhoda, without knowing that you are worthy of my love! And you must not speak of our being parted; it is your duty to keep your engagement. I love you; I cannot do without you!" He put his arm gently round her and bent and kissed her. "Let us put all the bit-terness of the past away," he said, and think only of our happy future!"

"It shall be as you will," Rhoda whispered. "I love you dearly, and my whole life shall be spent in showing you that I deserve your trust." THE END.

Leonard Hutt's Vow

(Original.)

Leonard Hutt was a very conscientious young man. Had he been born 200 years ago he would have been an aswered feverishly. "You will anchorite of the most austere type. Leonard lived in a small village with ry soon," was Mrs. Dering's his widewed mother, to whom he was devoted, having little or nothing to do Rhoda had been able to with the softer sex. Since he was a fine looking fellow and had the reputation of being intellectual and a strong character, his seclusion was very annoying to the girls of the place, most of whom would have been very glad of hall be happier when I am at his slightest attention.

During the shooting season Hutt went off into the woods to get a bird for his mother, whose health and appetite were delicate. He came back without the bird, but with a very distressed mind. What had happened no here I am. Bill has come one knew, but the news was soon spread over the village that Leonard Hutt was doing some sort of penance. He had sworn to taste nothing but seated herself at Rhoda's feet bread and water, not to attend any alled Bill to lie down upon the sort of amusement and not to speak. How long this self imposed deprivation

Now, if Mr. Hutt had only known it the real penance he had taken upon himself was of far greater moment than the one he had intended. There here are you going?" said were not less than ten unmarried girls in the village, and every girl was at ck and I are going to Amer- once seized with a desire to compel or our wedding tour," replied the penitentiary to speak to her. Not with a blush and a smile. "It one of them but would have regarded il been settled, at last, and we the effort of any other to make him only waiting for -" Molly break his yow as an unpardonable sin. ed and looked confused, then Each considered that in her own case there were exceptional reasons except Rebecca Gordon, who had no conscience in the matter and who began laying traps from the moment she heard of the vow.

One afternoon Leonard was walking along a road when he was startled by a cry and a short distance before him saw a woman lying on the ground. He hurried up to her and saw Rebecca Gordon helpless with a sprained ankle. "Oh, Mr. Hutt," she wailed, "what

Hutt asked with his eyes as express ively as possible what was the matter. "I've either broken or sprained my ankle," she said.

shall I do?"

Leonard looked very much embarrassed and put his fingers to his lips to indicate that they were sealed. Rebecca's pretense not to understand his motion was all the more embarrassing to him, but he held to his silence and at last by pantomime indicated that he would carry her home in his arms. To this she objected for a while, hoping by complicating matters to force him to speak. But at last she gave in, he took her up and carried her home. He had no sooner turned his back on the house than she danced to the window, shook her tlat at him and declared that she would yet break down his resolution.

No sooner had another of the girls, Alice Waters, heard of the young man's row than she began assiduously to cultivate his mother with a view to effectng an entrance to the house and laying siege to him. When Leonard reached nome after his adventure with Miss Gordon he went into his library and, tired and fretted, threw himself on a lounge. A cough admonished him that some one was in the room, and, looking about him, he saw Miss Waters sitting by a window. She had been sewing, but had dropped ber work and looked

painfully embarrassed. "I didn't mean to intrude, Mr. Hutt," she said ruefully. "Your mother said you wouldn't be at home for another hour, and I just came in for a moment

to get the light through this window." Hutt stood looking so much embarcaused that be could not say anything

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pleasant, while the girl waited. Then she began to pout. "I didn't suppose," she said, "that you would mind."

A happy thought occurred to the persecuted man. He went for his mother, who did his talking for him, and Miss Waters retired discomfited.

For two months Leonard Hutt walked into pitfalls set for him by a lot of girls, none of whom confessed to another what she was doing. Rebecca Gordon followed up her attack with the most persistance. She tried every salve known to druggists for her pretended sprained ankle and sent for dier, is it? Hutt to ask his opinion of each one of

"Mr. Hutt," she said at one of these visits-she was lying on a couch dressed in a becoming wrapper-"if you'll tell me why you made your vow I'll never ask you another question." Hutt groaned and said nothing.

"Teil me," she pleaded with her red ips as well as her eloquent eyes.

Hutt's eyes were on a clock that stood on the mantel. In a few minutes the clock struck 12. Hutt heaved a

long drawn sigh of relief. "My time is up," he said. "Two months ago I was shooting in the woods. Seeing a movement in the bushes I fired and was shocked to hear a human cry. Throwing down my gun, I ran to the spot and found that I had wounded a young girl. I carried her to her home and called a doctor, who said that she would recover, but must remain in bed for two months. I did not consider it right that one who suffered by my fault should suffer alone. made a vow to last while she was laid up."

Miss Gordon threw off an afghan and stood on her feet. "And you're going to marry this

wounded girl," she said angrily.
"How did you know that?" asked Hutt, astonished both at her rising and the knowledge she showed. Without reply she marched out of the

EUNICE WINSOR.

Beetle With Baxim Gun. One of the instructors of a big university led the way to a small box, smilling with pride as he did so. "I want to show you a rare species of beele." suld he.

The beetle, which was a burnished blue, with a red head and red legs, lay partly hidden under a stone. The instructor advanced his finger slowly. The beetle waited, watchful and intrepid. The finger almost touched the insect, and then-puff, a cloud of blue smoke shot out, and under cover of this smoke the beetle beat a rapid re-

"Isn't that marvelous?" the instructor said. "And the little rascal can emit puff after puff-can fire gun after gun-nineteen or twenty to the minute. No wonder he is called the bombar-

"This bombardier beetle is rare. He has in his body certain glands secreting a liquid which, on contact with the air, has the curious property of turning into a smoky vapor. The vapor is his defense against bigger beetles. Hidden under it, he seeks a new retreat."

Titles In Italy.

There is an old Venetian adage which says, "Conte che non conta non conta piente" ("A count who doesn't count [money] doesn't count for anything"). And this cynical proposition represents fairly well the sentlment of the modern Italian. In that country the general feeling toward the titled aristocracy is of utter indifference. The lesser sort of titles are regarded as almost valueless even by their possessors. "I have known," says a writer in the London Mall, "n case of a noble lord who followed the interesting occupation of a street scavenger. In a cafe in a certain Italian town I was habitually served by a waiter with the title of count and a name famous in Venetian history. And I am personally acquainted with a lord of ancient lineage whose title descended from a father engaged in the vocation of rallway porter. In general the aristocracy of Italy are miserably poor."

Sport In Morocco.

"There are few pastimes known to the people of Morocco that are not connected with religion," writes a traveler. "Children play football of a kind, and leapfrog, and practice wrestling and fencing. They also pursue rabbits with corved sticks and throw these with ex- information in some paper."

@rementancestsancestsancestsancestsancestsancestsancestsancestsancestsancestsancestsancestsancestsancestsancest traordinary skill. Some few experts claim to be able to kill partridges with the same simple weapon. The great game of the adult Moor is the lab-elbarood, or powder play. This exercise is taken on horseback, and to see a body of Moorish horsemen come down at the charge with guns high above their heads to a given spot, where they fire their wenpons and then pull their horses up on to their haunches, is a sight that will never be forgotten even by those who have seen cavalry maneuvers in Europe. Moors are very proud of their horsemanship and with reason."

Nature Teaches Inventors.

"We get our hints from nature," the inventor said. "Take, for instance, the hollow pillar, which is stronger than the solid one. The wheat straw showed us the superior strength of the hollow pillar. Solid, the wheat straw would be unable to support its head of grain. Where did man get his idea for carriage springs? From the Loofs of the borse, which, like the springs derived from them, are made from parallel plates. Scissors we get from the jaws of the tortoise, which are natural scissors; chisels from the squirrel, who carries them in his mouth; adzes from the hippopotamus, whose tvories are adses of the best design; the plane from the bee's jaws; the trip hammer from the woodpecker."-Chlongo Journal.

The Original Paul Pry Thomas Hill, familiarly called Tommy Hill, was, says Dr. Brewer, the original Paul Pry. It was from him also that Theodore Hook drew his character of Gilbert Gurney. Planche in his "Recollections" says of Hill: "His specialty was the accurate information he could impart on all the petty details of the domestic economy of his friends, the contents of their wardrobes, their pantries, the number of pots of preserves in their store closets and of the table napkins in their linen presses, the dates of their births and marriages, the amounts of their tradesmen's bills and whether paid weekly or quarterly. He had been on the press and was connected with the Morning Chronicle. He used to drive Matthews crazy by ferreting out his whereabouts when he left London and popping the